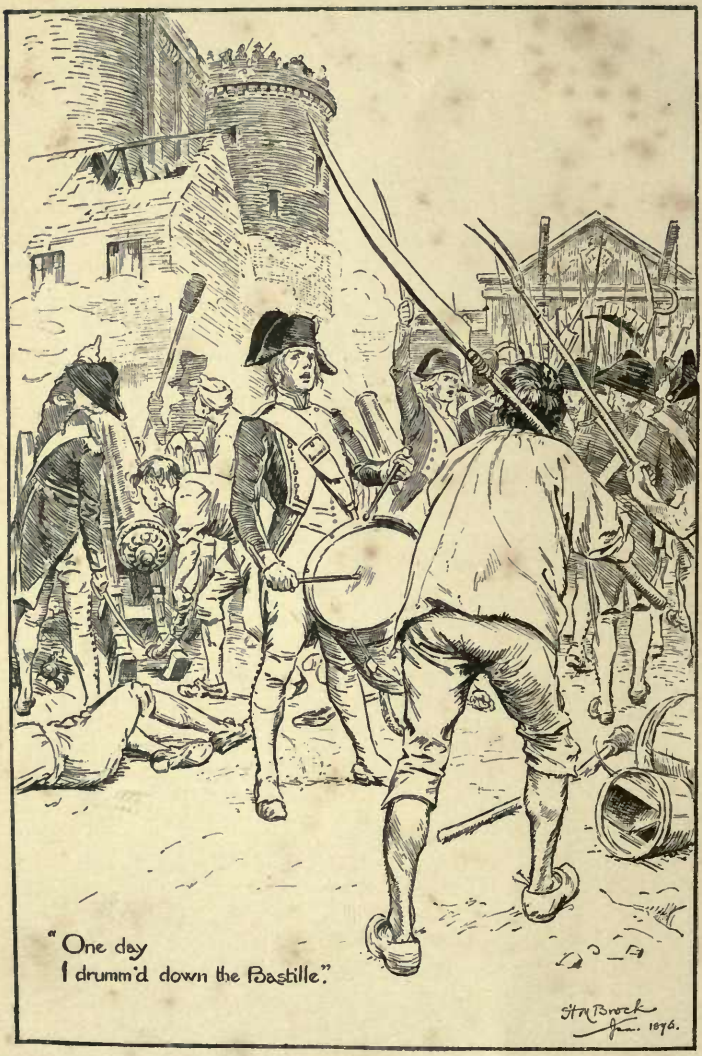
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BALLADS AND SONGS

BY·WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ILLUSTRATED BY H·M·BROCK


"One day
I drumm'd down the Bastille."
H. M. Brock
Jan. 1876.

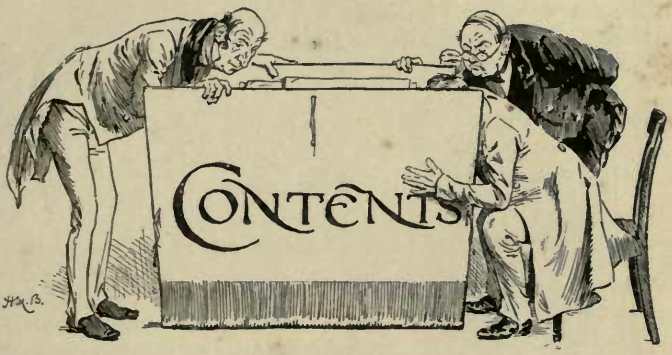
BALLADS AND SONGS ::: BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. BROCK

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1896
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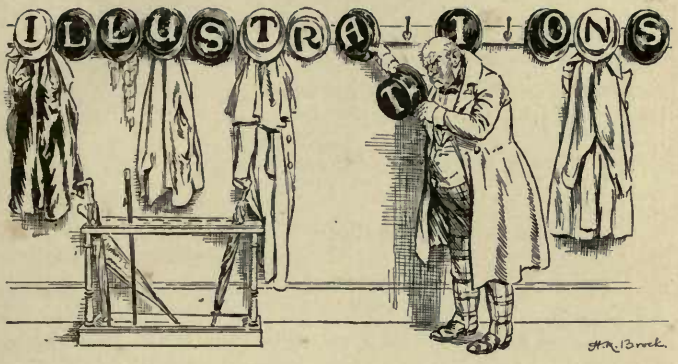
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BALLADS



THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM

PART I.

AT Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favourite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.

Says he, "In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin!

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the bâton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lacqueys, and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died: and our noble battalions
The jade fickle Fortune forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how His Majesty swore
When he heard they had taken my grandsire
And twelve thousand gentlemen more.

"At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
Were we posted, on plain or in trench:
Malbrook only need to attack it,
And away from him scamper'd we French.
Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,—
'Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

"To fight and to run was our fate:
Our fortune and fame had departed.
And so perish'd Louis the Great,—
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis,
They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!
(For so he was nicknamed by some),
And now came my father to do his
King's orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

"So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy show'd us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe!

We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year 'fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year 'fifty-nine came the Britons—
Full well I remember the day,—
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.
Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come!'
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bulldogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband has come?—
He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys!
He died like a soldier in glory;
Here's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I'll commence my own story!



Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year 'eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

"In Chesapeak Bay we were landed.
In vain strove the British to pass:
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we march'd into Yorktown;
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

"Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our actions glorious
By Louis, Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles
To the lovely Court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin-tails?

"The princes that day pass'd before us
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At Her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she look'd and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vow'd they would die to defend her.



But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine.
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year 'eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd
As onwards our patriots bore.

Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis.
He heard it as calm as you please,
And, like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,
We storm'd and we broke the great gate in,
And we murder'd the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by:
They never stirr'd finger or thumb.
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing!
The day of our vengeance was come!
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches
March'd onwards our dusty battalions,
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions.
We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd
The walls of his heritage splendid.

Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
But no: when we burst through his barriers,
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him—
He had turn'd like a craven and fled.

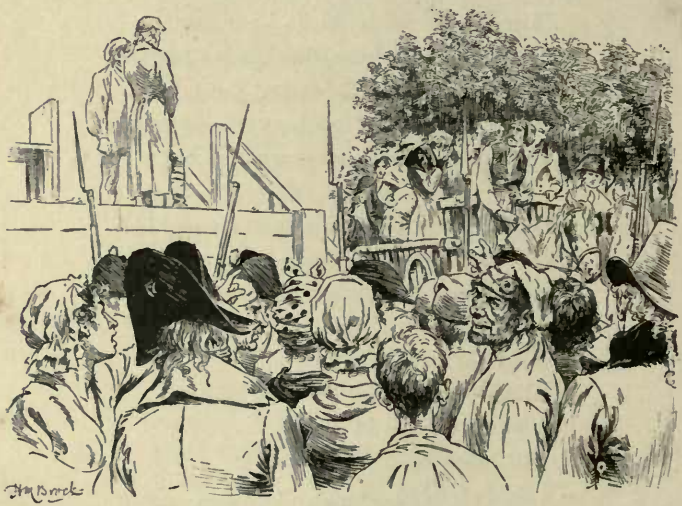
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"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall.
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnish'd and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,—
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year 'ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding

Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the *mère guillotine*
Cared little for splendour or show,



So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:

'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance!
I'll fling them the head of King Louis.'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his gaolers he broke;
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick, silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum.'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb."

* * * * *

Part II.

"The glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'Twas then that our pikes drank the blood
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!
I seldom have look'd on her like;
And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

"Let's show the pale head to the Queen,
We said—she'll remember it well.
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion—
How she'd tremble to part with her own!

"We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,
She shrank, but she deigned not to speak:
She look'd with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'Twas thus that our country was saved;
So told us the Safety Committee!
But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.

I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;



I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Roch.
Young Bonaparte led us that day;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I follow'd my gallant young captain,
I follow'd him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy

When we first saw the Austrian flags
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year 'ninety-six,
We march'd to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we enter'd Milan,
We seized on the Mantuan keys;
The troops of the Emperor ran,
And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—
Pierre's comrades here call'd a fresh bottle,
And clubbing together their wealth,
They drank to the Army of Italy,
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And show'd us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that Fortune had made him
In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber—
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all:
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;

I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought;
But wherefore continue the story?
There's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory,--
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw;
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat."
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years;
His audience follow'd with comments—
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laughed at the story,
And vow'd that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back;

And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.



He told how the stranger arrived,
They wept at the tale of disgrace;
And they long'd but for one battle more,
The stain of their shame to efface.

"Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,
And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again!
Our warrior was conquer'd at last;
They bade him his crown to resign;

To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood,
Around him we press'd in a throng;
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.
'I have led you for twenty long years,'
Napoleon said ere he went;
'Wherever was honour I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content!

"'Though Europe against me was arm'd,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

"'But France would have suffer'd the while,
'Tis best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

"'Be true to the king that they give you.
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

"He call'd for our battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'
'Twas thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,

As he passed through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * * * *

"I look'd when the drumming was o'er,
I look'd, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn.
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red-coats were crowning the height;
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
We answer'd his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset:
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still.

"—Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.



"The Emperor rode through our files."

Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast,
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin ;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets helped our undoing !

"A curse on those British assassins,
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney ;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—
On all Prussian and Austrian fry ;
And oh ! but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die !"

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude,
In ruder verse I copied it.

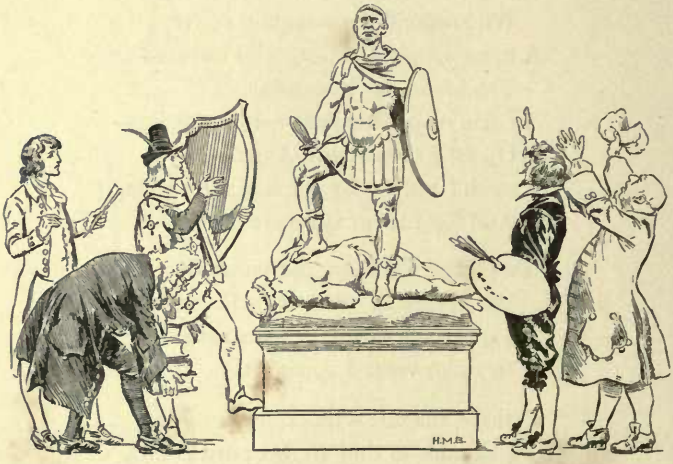
Perhaps the tale a moral bears
(All tales in time to this must come),
The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen :
Is found in endless quartos thick,
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,

Doth each exalt with all his wit
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe;
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,
Went howling to the shades below.



How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew;
There's not a single bard that writes
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while, in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows
The grave historian at his desk
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Coxe,
You'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
And shouts "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
An LL.D.,—a peaceful man;
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself
Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled
With stirring tales how blows were struck.
He shows how we the Frenchmen kill'd,
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics
The Doctor gives, and statesman's art:
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,
And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,
He is not nice for wrong and right;
But show him where's the enemy,
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight,—perhaps he wins;
And when he tells the story o'er,
The honest savage brags and grins,
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valour fail,
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,
And with a moral points his tale—
The end of all such tales—a curse.

Last year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!),
Before us passed. I saw them not—
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,
You wonder at his cap of hair:
You hear his sabre's cursèd clank,
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats—
In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

* * * * *

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill;
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder,* in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls.—
'Tis twelve o'clock and time to sup;
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns,
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrow'd from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

1841.

* Written in Paris at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.



No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert life for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free:
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er mayst spread again.

Long, sitting by their watchfires, shall the Kabyles tell the tale
Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale;
How thou swept'st the desert over, bearing down the wild El Riff,
From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif;

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-rack o'er the sea,
When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry;
How thy razzia was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom,
How thy sword-sweep was the lightning, dealing death from out the gloom!

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and save,
Of brave men wisest counsellor, of wise counsellors most brave;
How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentleness and love;
How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove!

Availèd not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmèd life secure,
Till cunning France, in last resource, tossed up the golden lure;
And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to the cast,
And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at last.

Weep, maidens of Zerifah, above the laden loom!
Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and gloom!
Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,
And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and scourge of France!

'Twas not in fight they bore him down: he never cried "*Amàn*";
He never sank his sword before the Prince of Franghistan;
But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,
He heard the voice of Allah, and he would not strive in vain.

They gave him what he asked them: from king to king he spake,
As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to break:

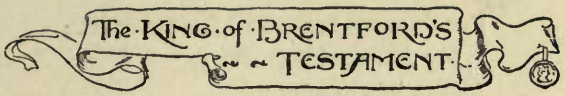
"Let me pass from out my deserts, be't mine own choice where to go;
I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show."

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and calm he came,
Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame.
Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frankish throng;
He knew them false and fickle—but a Prince's word is strong.

How have they kept their promise? Turn'd they the vessel's prow
Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they had sworn e'en now?
Not so: from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and glance,
And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France!

Where Toulon's white-walled lazaret looks southward o'er the wave,
Sits he that trusted in the word a son of Louis gave.
O noble faith of noble heart! And was the warning vain,
The text writ by the Bourbon in the blurred black book of Spain?

They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of thee to grace
The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their race.
Words are but wind; conditions must be construed by Guizot;
Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made a show!



THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick:
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer;
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is't," says he, "your Majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabour'd me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two;
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew:

I've three-per-cents. and five-per-cents.;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.



"Prince Thomas is my eldest son;
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
Till now—he's twenty-three—
He never caused disquiet
To his poor mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him;
At college, though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
He creditably pass'd,

And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a dullard,
And Ned a genius?"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of wits:

"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir Lawyer, as befits,
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."



"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said;
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!

Come take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it
Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turn'd him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief:
Tom hid his fat white countenance
In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He falter'd in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
That gentle King and just—
With bell and book and candle
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,

Sir Lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill);
And, as you signed and wrote it,
I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race;
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other,
But onwards go your beat;
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
His flashing genius throws,

Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are strongest,
The witty are not wise;
Oh, bless your good stupidity!
It is your dearest prize.

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that's thick and heavy,
A heart that's dull and cold.

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,

My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents.,

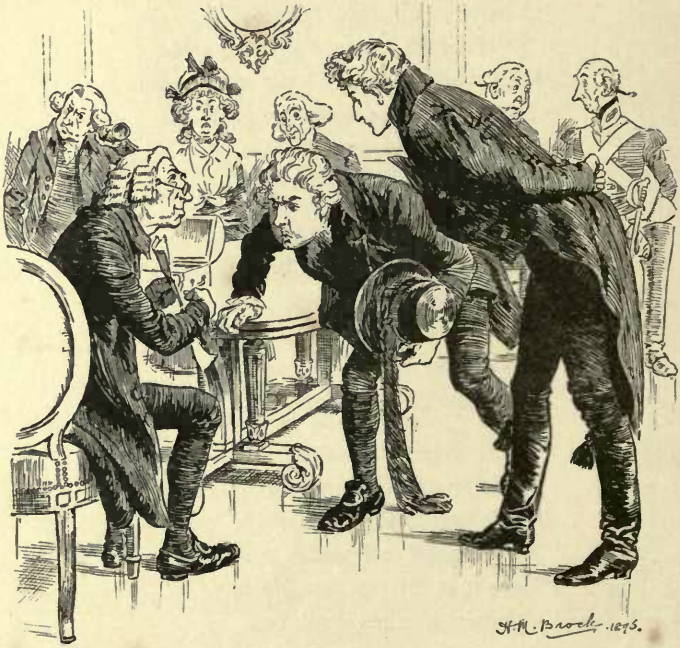
"I leave to you, my Thomas"—
("What, all?" poor Edward said.
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head.")—
"I leave to you, my Thomas,—
To you in trust for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze?

"'Tis surely some mistake!"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'Tis even as I said:
'Twas thus his gracious Majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witness'd,
And here's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom;
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,



'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never helped his brother;
The poor he ne'er befriended;

He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend.
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward, then,
And Edward be the Lord;
And as the honest labourer
Is worthy his reward,

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament.
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew,
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.



On deck beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speck.

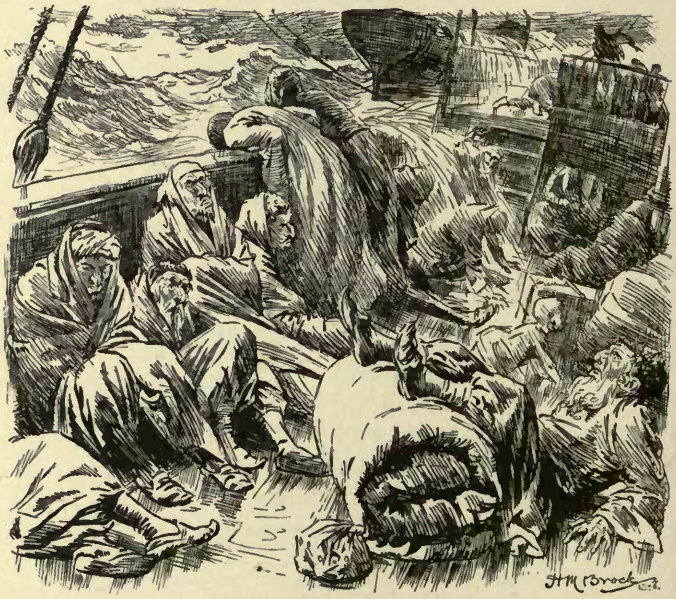
Strange company we harboured;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,

Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
 Jews black, and brown, and grey;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and browned their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
 Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
 In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
 Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
 Before the break of day——
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;

And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.



Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing
As she heard the tempest blowing ;

And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle ;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places ;
And the captain he was bawling
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling ;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken ;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them ;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins ;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd ;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children ;

The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,

And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his



Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;

For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

1844.





Peg of Limavaddy~

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city ;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,

And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
Said I to the laddy

Driving on the box:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies).
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter

(Twins were never seen
Dirtier or fatter).
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—— Here the host
Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half-a-pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant:
Hebe's self, I thought,
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsey neat
Greeting the new comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,


"As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was".
H. M. Brock
Feb. 1876



And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing "Giovinetti;"
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,

At my pantaloons
With half-a-pint of beer full!



When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy;

Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure:
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

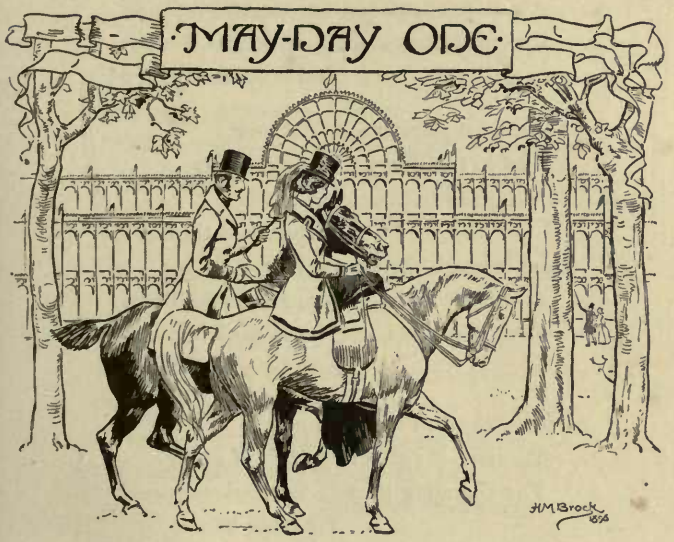
Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
Redden'd on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
And of india-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her how she moves,
Scarce the ground she touches;
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess:
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ankles like to Peggy's.

Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist,
 Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
 Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
 Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were
 Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
 Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
 In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
 Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
 Tory, Whig, or Radi-
cal would all desire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
 Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
 Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
 Peg of Limavaddy!



But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And see, 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade:
And here are lines of bright arcade
In order raised!

A palace as for fairy prince,
A rare pavilion, such as man
Saw never since mankind began,
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng.
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent:
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High Sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors.
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set, —
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal step
(While still the wondrous banquet stays),
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.
Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green;
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen!
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place;
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face:
She breathes "Amen" to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day.

Oh! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear:
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet,—
The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas,
In congress meet;
From Afric and from Hindustan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet;

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! *
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchor's gripe
The father shore!

* The U.S. frigate *St. Lawrence*.

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour:
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
Far as the straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,
In vistas bright;
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standards bear.

Yon are the works of Brahmin loom ;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head
And cries his prayer.



Look yonder where the engines toil :
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war :
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

May, 1851.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:



He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"

The waiter stares, and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer:
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;

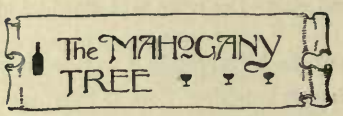
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette;*
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone,
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!



CHRISTMAS is here :
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we :
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we :
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit ;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.



Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :

Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.





"A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the captain of his company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty."—*Morning Paper.*

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one!

What—in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars
With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
Fled and outran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe- and Star-
Embroider'd banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted?
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon colour-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes—
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal.—

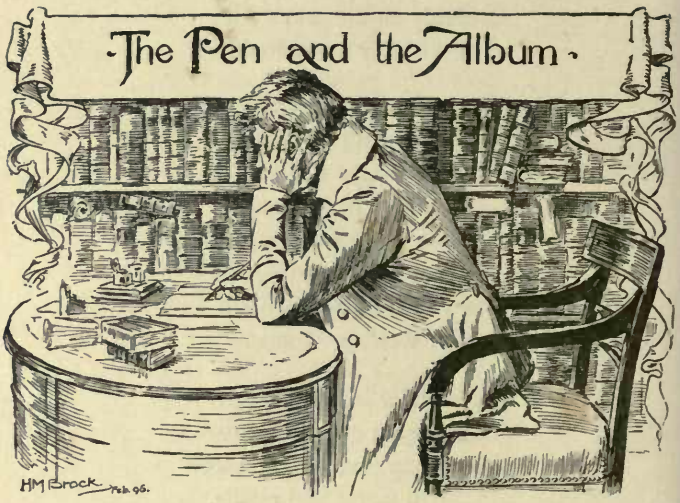
O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin?

O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tat-tooing- -

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman—
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman!

No corselet is so proof
But through it from her bow
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough
But 's in the struggle thrown,
And tripp'd and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus always it was ruled:
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befool'd,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!



"I AM Miss Catherine's book," the Album speaks;
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

"Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace:
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

"O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!"

ALBUM.

"His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!"

PEN.

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

"Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * * *

"I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

"I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

"Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

"Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answer'd all.



"Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

"Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

"Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as come the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * * *

"Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

"Dear friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

"Kind lady! till my last of lines is penn'd,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

"Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

"So be it:—joys will end and tears will dry——
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye,
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

"And thus with thankful heart he closes you:
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."



In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;

A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best :
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

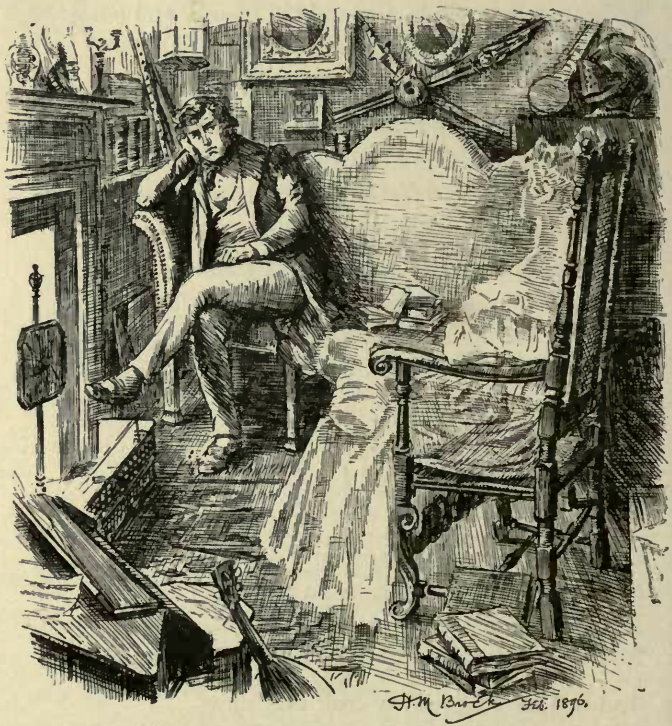
If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your wither'd old arms !
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair ;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

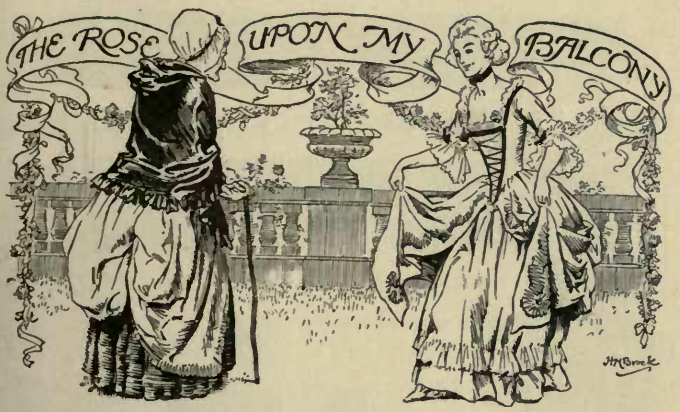
And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ·
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—

I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.



She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.



THE rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the spring;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming:
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale whose melody is through the greenwood ringing,
Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing keen:
And if, mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, mamma: the birds have found their voices,
The blowing rose a flush, mamma, her bonny cheek to dye;
And there's sunshine in my heart, mamma, which wakens and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, mamma, and that's the reason why.



"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant :
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle."

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the faggot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.

Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
 Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
 A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
 Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
 And longs the history to know.
And, as the piteous tale is said,
 Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
 And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
 They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
 And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
 No kindly mate the lady cheers:
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
 With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those.
 But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
 While yet the dame is peerless fair?
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
 Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
 The roses of your youth!



ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

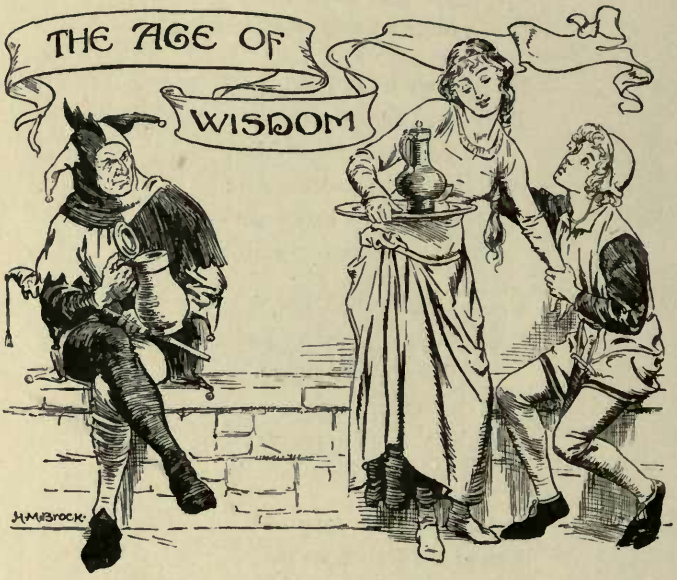
The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:

They've hush'd the Minster bell :
The organ 'gins to swell :
She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast :
She comes—she's here—she's past -
May heaven go with her !

Kneel, undisturbed, fair Saint !
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly ;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.



Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
 Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
 Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
 How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.



By fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my lord
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
The kindly gods I pray,
For are not ducks and peas in prime
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
My knife and fork shall play;
But better wine and better men
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
Your honest head is grey,
And, like this grizzled head of mine,
Has seen its last of May;

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,
A gentle spirit gay,
You've spring perennial in your mind,
And round you make a May!



Little Kitty Lorimer,
Fair, and young, and witty,
What has brought your ladyship
Rambling to the City?

All the stags in Capel Court
Saw her lightly trip it;
All the lads of Stock Exchange
Twigg'd her muff and tippet.

With a sweet perplexity,
And a mystery pretty,
Threading through Threadneedle Street
Trots the little Kitty.

What was my astonishment—
What was my compunction,
When she reached the Offices
Of the Didland Junction!

Up the Didland stairs she went,
To the Didland door, Sir;
Porters, lost in wonderment,
Let her pass before, Sir.

"Madam," says the old chief Clerk,
"Sure we can't admit ye."
"Where's the Didland Junction deed?"
Dauntlessly says Kitty.

"If you doubt my honesty,
Look at my receipt, Sir."
Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,
Smiling as he meets her.

Kitty at the table sits
(Whither the old Clerk leads her),
"*I deliver this*," she says,
"*As my act and deed, Sir.*"

When I heard these funny words
Come from lips so pretty,
This, I thought, should surely be
Subject for a ditty.

What! are ladies stagging it?
Sure, the more's the pity;
But I've lost my heart to her,—
Naughty little Kitty.



WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.



"Ah! Bleak & Barren was the Moor."

Ah! bleak and barren was the moor,
Ah! loud and piercing was the storm,
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
The cottage hearth was bright and warm.
An orphan boy the lattice pass'd,
And, as he marked its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They mark'd him as he onward press'd,
With fainting heart and weary limb;
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.
The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still:
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
Hark to the wind upon the hill!



BESIDE the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they bless'd;
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle Queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the King he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown:
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down:
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!



With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me!
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

Titmarsh's Carmen Lilliense

LILLE: *Sept.* 2. 1843.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

I.

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—
In troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gaily passed the Belgic bounds
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,
And as I took my evening meal,
I felt my pouch,—my purse was lost,
O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel),

But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel:
Besides, I left my watch at home—
How could I pawn it then at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say.
I turn as white as cold boil'd veal;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;
And think, did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.



III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspirate from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise—
How can I, without cash at Lille!

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille?
O gracious gods! it makes me sick,
It is the prison-house of Lille!

O cursèd prison, strong and barred,
It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
I turn away at his appeal:
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
And at a Popish altar kneel?
Oh, do not leave me in the lurch,—
I'll cry, ye patron saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,

Look kindly down ! before you stoops
The miserablest man in Lille !

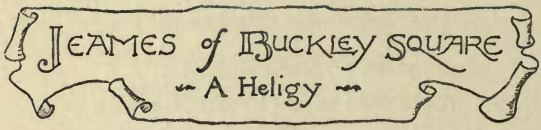
And lo ! as I beheld with awe
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma !—
It did ! and I had hope in Lille !

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
Although I could not pay my meal :
I hasten back into the street
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand,—
A letter with a well-known seal ?
'Tis grandmamma's ! I know her hand,—
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel !
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille !

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

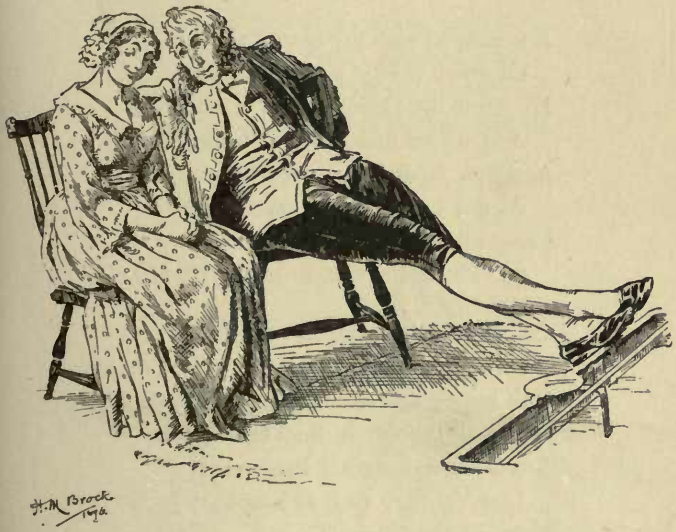


Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hupstairs folks as vell,
And o! I vithered vith despair,
Missis *vould* ring the parler bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, " Mary Ann,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."



O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear !
" Dear Jeames," says I, " I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,

And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square!
My Jeames it was the letters took,
And read them all (I think it's fair),
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how John Porter used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railvay letters pouring in:
"J. Plush, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
"Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
With people who your betters are:

James Plush is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months, by genus rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net,
Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
For hever Jeames of Buckley Square."





LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

By the Lord Southdown

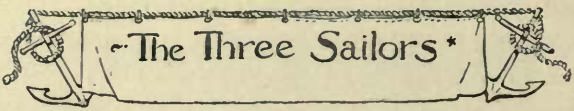
THE castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonnie Diddlesex rise up from out the sea.
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.

I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field;
There ne'er was nobler cognisance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
"St. Willibald for Bareacres!" 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poictiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle shock to hear our war-cry ringing;
O grant me, sweet Saint Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
"Saint Willibald for Bareacres!" through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down yon mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A Snob.



THERE were three sailors in Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Bil-*ly*.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am confounded hung-*ery*."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no wittles, so we must eat *we*.

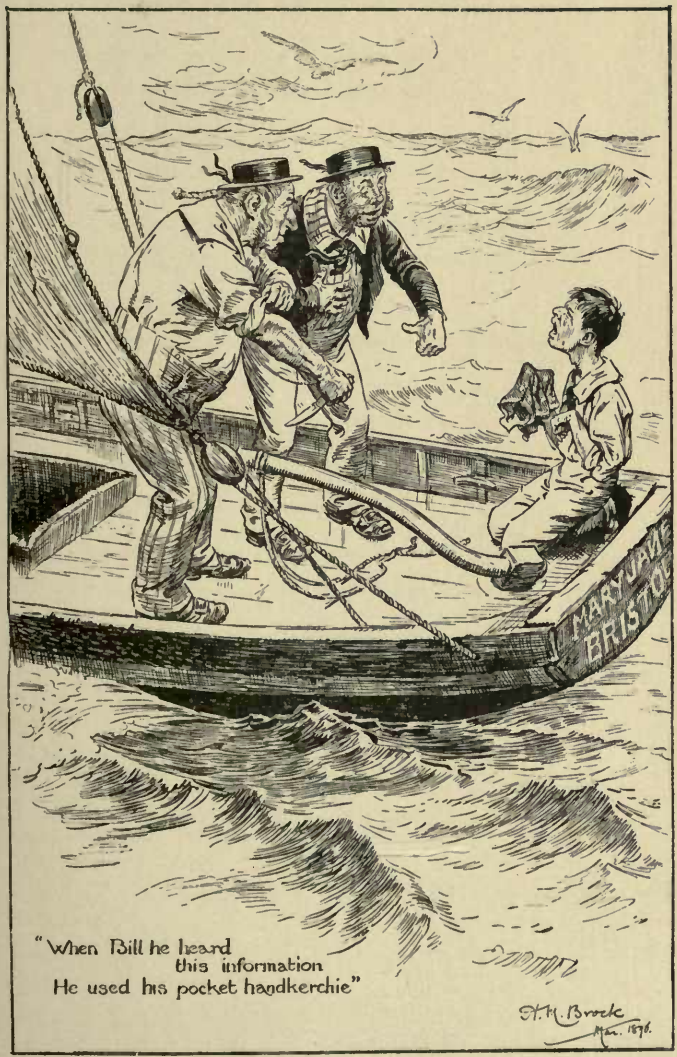
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"Oh! gorging Jim, what a fool you be!

"There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he*."

"Oh! Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket handkerchie.

The original version of "Little Billee." It was printed in "Sand and Canvas; a Narrative of Adventures in Egypt, with a Sojourn among the Artists in Rome." By Samuel Beran. London: Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, 1849.



"When Bill he heard
this information
He used his pocket handkerchie"

H. M. Brock
Mar. 1878.

"Oh! let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snicker-snee.

So Bill went up the maintop-gallant mast,
When down he fell on his bended knee.

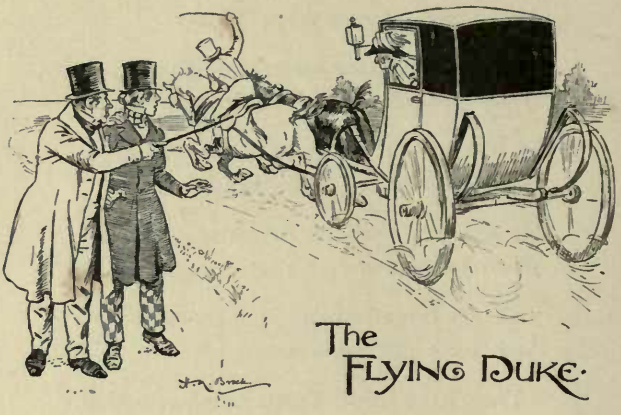
He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps; "There's land I see:

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-*key*.

"There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jim-*my*.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.



"SAY, whose can yonder chariot be
That thunders on so fast;
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked-hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman:
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;

Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whizz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a brougham on Wellington :
To Apsley House he flies,
Whereat a messenger in red
Doth meet his Grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger ;
Thy tidings briefly tell."
"The Queen invites your Grace to dine
To-morrow."
"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away !
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly ;
But there he must not stay—

For that his Grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep ;
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er ; back posts his Grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as ye can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine:
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your Grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."
"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepp'd the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went upstairs,
And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court,
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;
So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.



"What is't o'clock?" "Your Grace, near seven."
"Then bear me hence again;

And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again, the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
'Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage-lamps
Flash'd as they flew along.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the station's nigh
"What ho, there! Shout amain!
Here comes the Duke, he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His Grace out pops,
His ticket is resigned.
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback,
The night-hawk plies his wing;
The race is run, the Castle's won,
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for Queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL.

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!



Mr Smith & Moses

A VETERAN gent, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son.

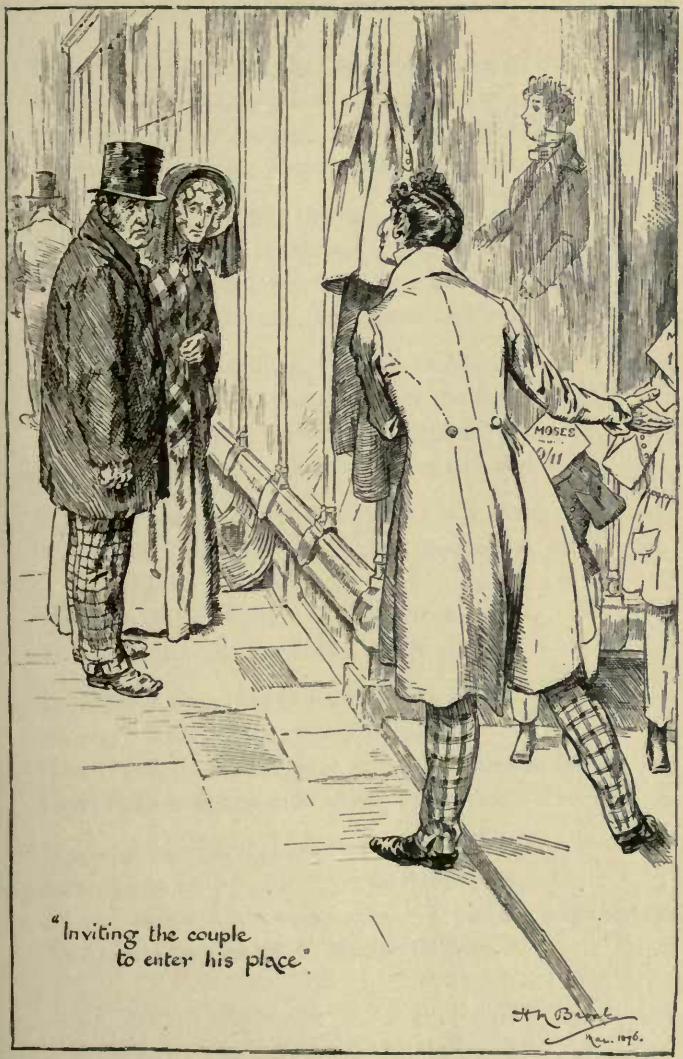
A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

"I've look'd upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide;
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son."

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. Moses exclaimed: "You shall pay what you can;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son."



"Inviting the couple
to enter his place".

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît*, Messieurs Moses and Son.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a Br——m;
And in such a great hurry from P-r-s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son."

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry, "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

Now who was this "veteran gent," sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then run
To Aldgate and ask of E. Moses and Son.



MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler, I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler, should go for to git wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last), from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder,

JOHN CORKS.

14 *Lushington Place West, Belgravy.*

It's all of one John George Montresor,
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind,
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
Where Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,
This wicked John druv in a urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,
Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.,
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
Much obliged if e'd send in
Arf a dozen best brown sherry,
And single bottel 'Ollans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
Wich so he did, and grew more bold.



Until, at last grown more audashus,
He goes and orders, wat d'ye think?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus!
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
But, wen the sherry bins was sinkin
He filled 'em with this *nasty stough.*

And Briggs, Esquire, at is own tabel
(To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
Marsaly wind, hisself and frends!

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
And used it in the *negus* line;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.
For butlers to commit such treson,
I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wind goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bankwet crown'd;
And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wunder,
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.



Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a playin with the binns.
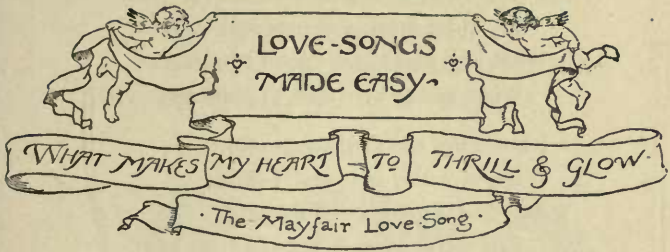
Of all his prime old sherry, raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's Marsaly
Was in the place the sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis,
For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And not content with thus embezzlin
His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty
And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept—If you have cellars,
Always to mind the kee yourselves.



WINTER and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corner looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
I felt myself so sad and low,
I could have seized a sentry's gun
My wearied brains out, out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps?
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No: every morn the tailor raps,
My I O U's are extant still.

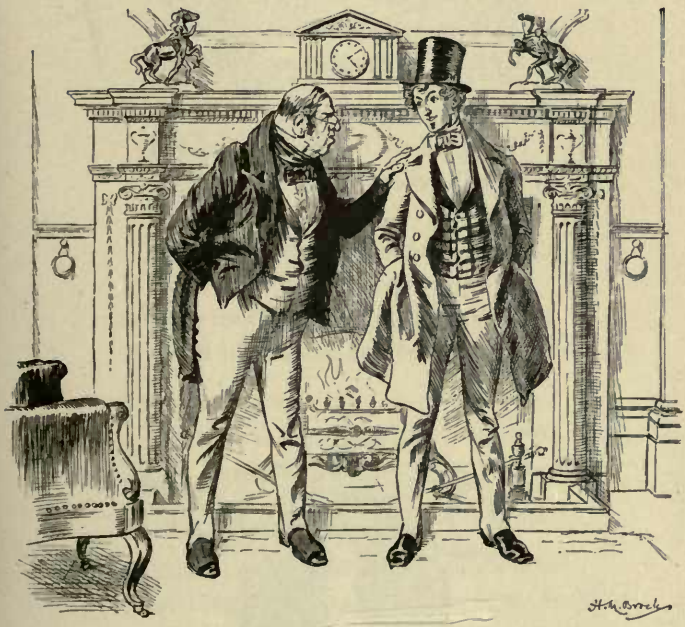
I still am prey of debt and dun;
My elder brother's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to glow and swell?

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
Right Honourable Edmund Burke!
My chance of all promotion's gone,
I know it is,—he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the Clubs,
And yawned and saunter'd to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
er down by dear old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the Club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?

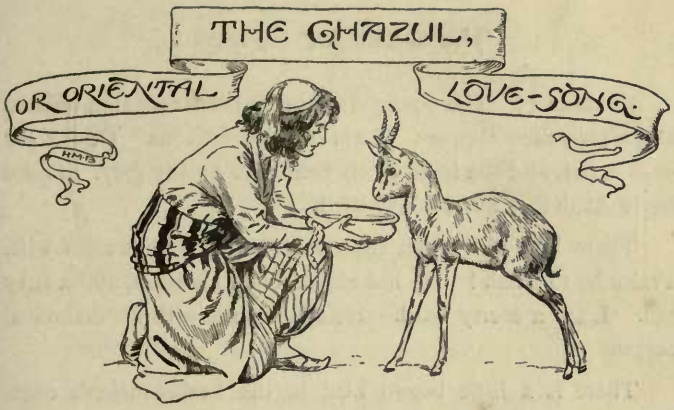


What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaçoa?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again ! she's home, she's home !
Away all cares and griefs and pain ;
I knew she would—she's back from Rome ;
She's home again ! she's home again !
" The family's gone abroad," they said,
September last—they told me so ;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood, I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again ! away all care !
O fairest form the world can show !
O beaming eyes ! O golden hair !
O tender voice that breathes so low !
O gentlest, softest, purest heart !
O joy, O hope !—" My tiger, ho ! "
Fitz-Clarence said ; we saw him start—
He galloped down to Bolton Row.





THE ROCKS.

I WAS a timid little antelope;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer-heat;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

The MERRY BARD

ZULEIKAH ! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah ! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah ! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.



The Caïque

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caïque.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sunburnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak.

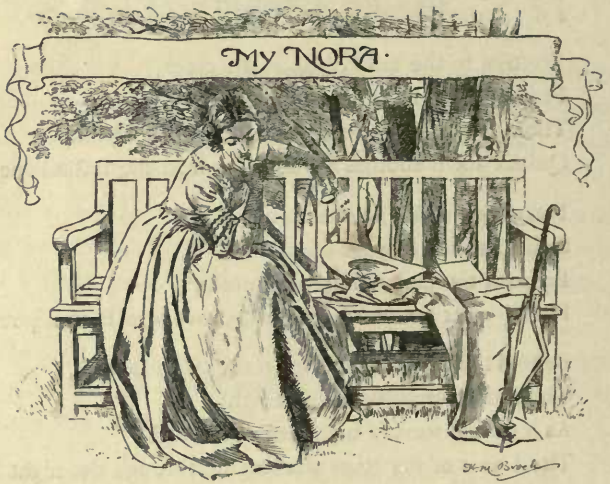
Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold! the bows seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As 'mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there's one in this caïque
The Rose would also seek;
So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Leilah's cheek."



BENEATH the gold acacia buds
My gentle Nora sits and broods,
Far, far away in Boston woods,
My gentle Nora!

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,
Her bosom's heaving tenderly;
I know—I know she thinks of me,
My darling Nora!

And where am I? My love, whilst thou
Sitt'st sad beneath the acacia bough,
Where pearls on neck, and wreath on brow,
I stand, my Nora!

'Mid carcanet and coronet,
Where joy-lamps shine and flowers are set—
Where England's chivalry are met,
Behold me, Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,
Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,
A form I saw was like to thee,
My love, my Nora!

She paused amidst her converse glad;
The lady saw that I was sad,
She pitied the poor lonely lad,—
Dost love her, Nora?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame,
A lip of red, an eye of flame,
And clustering golden locks, the same
As thine, dear Nora!

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,
Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,
Her breast is whiter than the swan's,
Or thine, my Nora!

Oh, gentle breast to pity me!
Oh, lovely Ladye Emily!
Till death—till death I'll think of thee—
Of thee and Nora!



I SEEM, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears
Are for thee, are for thee!

Around me they flatter and fawn—
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee;
But in faith and in fondness I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!



Now the toils of day are over,
 And the sun hath sunk to rest,
Seeking, like a fiery lover,
 The bosom of the blushing West—

The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
 Raising the moon her silver shield,
And summoning the stars to guard
 The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!

The faithful night, now all things lie
 Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
In pious hope I hither hie,
 And humbly chant mine evening hymn.

Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine!
 (For never holy pilgrim kneel'd
Or wept at feet more pure than thine),
 My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde!

Four German Ditties



A Tragic Story

By ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

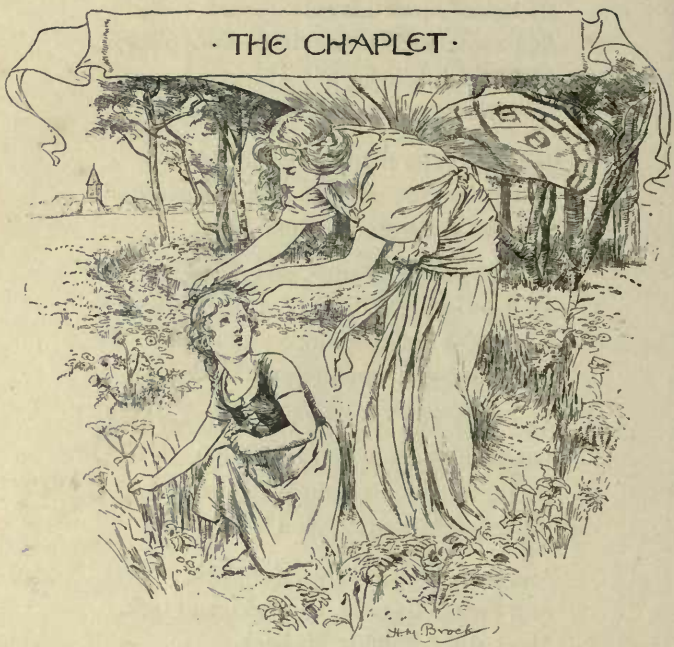
He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.



FROM UHLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt."

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowerets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair.

The lovely lady smiled and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow:
"Wear it; 'twill blossom soon," she said,
"Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and lóved as maids will do;
When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When midst the wreath that bound her hair
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!



FROM UHLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

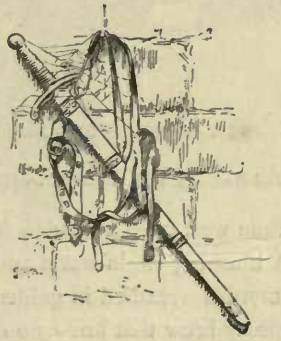
THE cold grey hills they bind me around,
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds, as they pass o'er all this ground,
Bring me never a sound of woe.

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has embittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies !
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone ;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall ;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done ;
When shall I rest me once for all ?

O blessed rest ! O royal night !
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song ?





To a Very Old Woman

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

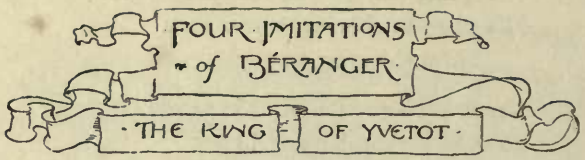
And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin warm and young :
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan ;

The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.—

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake perhaps an angel blest
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
Oh, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!





THERE was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;

And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

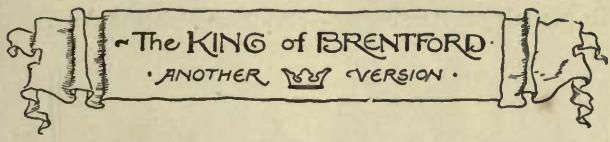


To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he—
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.

Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.



THERE was a king in Brentford—of whom no legends tell,
But who, without his glory,—could eat and sleep right well.
His Polly's cotton nightcap—it was his crown of state,
He slept of evenings early—and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,
And for a guard of honour—a dog ran at his heels,
Sometimes, to view his kingdoms—rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits—with which this king was curst,
Except (and where's the harm on't?)—a somewhat lively thirst;
But people must pay taxes—and kings must have their sport,
So out of every gallon—His Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him,—with manners soft and bland;
With reason good, they named him—the father of his land.
Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant show;
Their enemies were targets—their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbour—no useless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure—his peaceful realm he swayed.
And in the years he reigned—through all this country wide,
There was no cause for weeping—save when the good man died.

The faithful men of Brentford—do still their king deplore,
His portrait yet is swinging—beside an alehouse door.



And topers, tender-hearted,—regard his honest phiz,
And envy times departed—that knew a reign like his.



THE GARRET.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.

Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl,
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise,
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.



When fierce political debate
Throughout the isle was storming,
And Rads attacked the Throne and State,
And Tories the Reforming,
To calm the furious rage of each,
And right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,
His chair, a three-legged stool:
His broken jug was emptied oft,
Yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
His mirror had a crack;
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
Teach pride its mean condition,
And preach good sense to dull pretence,
Was honest Jack's high mission.
Our simple statesman found his rule
Of moral in the flagon,
And held his philosophic school
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
And called the malt-tax sinful,
Jack heeded not their angry words,
But smiled and drank his skinful.
And when men wasted health and life,
In search of rank and riches,
Jack marked aloof the paltry strife,
And wore his threadbare breeches.



"I enter not the Church," he said,
"But I'll not seek to rob it!"
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
While others studied Cobbett.

His talk it was of feast and fun;
His guide the Almanack;
From youth to age thus gaily run
The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
He humbly thanked his Maker;
"I am," said he, "O Father good!
Nor Catholic nor Quaker:
Give each his creed, let each proclaim
His catalogue of curses;
I trust in Thee, and not in them,
In Thee and in Thy mercies!

"Forgive me if, 'midst all Thy works,
No hint I see of damning;
And think there's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter;
I cannot see the smiling earth,
And think there's hell hereafter."

Jack died; he left no legacy,
Save that his story teaches:—
Content to peevish poverty;
Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
Come follow in his track;
We all were happier, if we all
Would copy Jolly Jack.



Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss :
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair ;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three :
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be ?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.



UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,*
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er:
My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
As I gave you the Battle-axe marked with your Crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with thee at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your Banner and broider your Crest.

* "WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

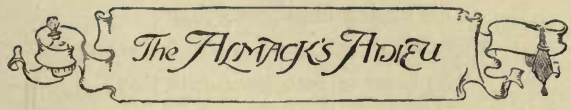
"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised.
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make."

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mêlée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that Battle-axe, ah! and that Crest!



But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a festival hour for my Ulric and me:
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee:
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his Banner and broider his Crest.



Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows.
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase of Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent *en province* all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses;
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set;
And you gave, *O mon Dieu!* to revive her
My beautiful vinegarette!

Return, love! away with coquetting:
This flirting disgraces a man;
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!



Reviens! break away from those Circes,
Reviens, for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!



When the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain,
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen.

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
In the gloaming of the glen!



WHERE the quivering lightning flings
His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings
And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
Wilt follow him, lady mine?
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
Glides through the waving grass.
As the vulture, swift and dark,
Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
Swoop down upon his prize.
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
On the merchant-captain's neck—
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
And we leave a ship in flames!
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny flames!



Dear Jack

Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of Sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot—
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

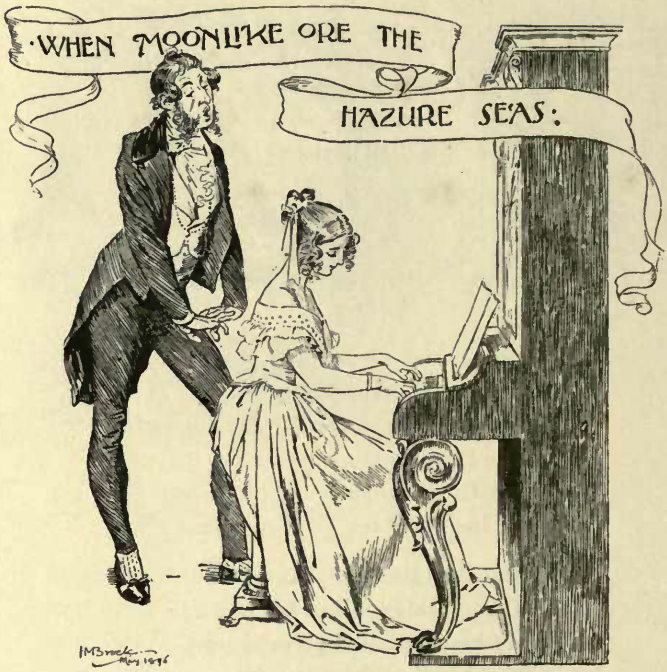
One morning in summer while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, "Honest Thomas, come take your last bier."
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.



THE Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can :
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin ;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased :
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes ;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him !
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.



WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
 Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
 Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
 With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
 Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
 This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
 That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
 That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
 Dost thou remember Jeames?



King Canute

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like a shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young:
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite glee-men sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the veal?"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lacqueys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."—
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.



"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's
bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily
praised:
You, my Lord, to think of dying! On my conscience I'm
amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing
near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to
squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty
year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made
to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King
Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will
do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as
well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like
to *us?*
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus:*
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,



Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

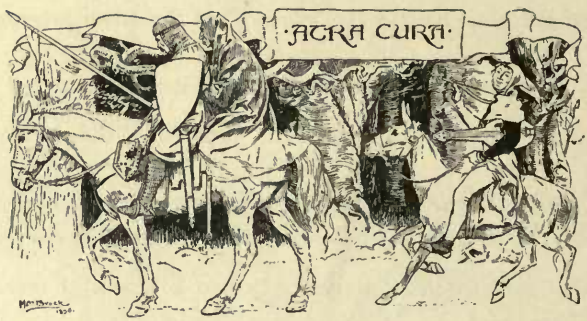
"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.



BEFORE I lost my five poor wits
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the grisly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail;
For lo! I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.



FRIAR'S SONG

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner:
But better far's the mid-day bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon drown'd in gravy,
Or noble haunch on silver dish,
Full glad I sing my Ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy country wench
My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
A most religious Ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
And holy saints forgiving;
For sure he leads a right good life
Who thus admires good living.
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor:
Oh, grant! 'mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor!



UNDER the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian, the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew,
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the grey stone:
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.



KNOW ye the willow-tree
 Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
 To yon pale river?
Lady, at eventide
 Wander not near it:
They say its branches hide
 A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
 A maid came fearful;
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
 Her blue eye tearful.

Soon as she saw the tree,
Her step moved fleeter;
No one was there—ah me!
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting-time:
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her,—
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night-wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the grey dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
The maid is gone!

Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!





ANOTHER VERSION.

I.

LONG by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water:
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?

II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee and look;

Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily beds,
Dive in the brook!"

III.

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder;
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her!

IV.

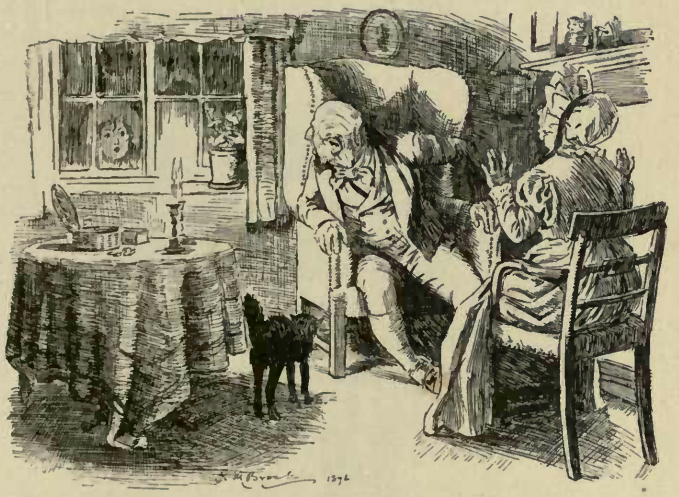
Mother beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy-chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement,
Loud beat the mother's heart
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
"Lor! it's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
Yes, 'twas their girl;



Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

"Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,

Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

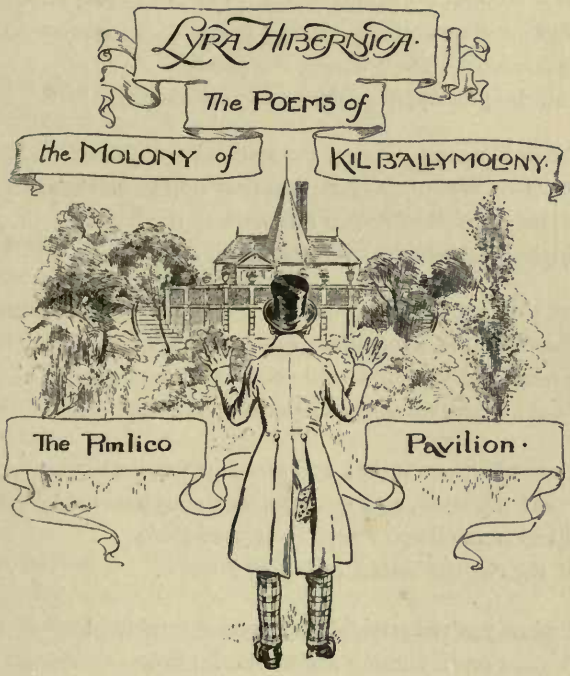
VIII.

Whether her Pa and Ma
Fully believed her,
That we shall never know;
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

IX.

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the Fiddlety,
Maidens of England, take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the door-key!



YE pathrons of janius, Minerva and Vanius,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know),
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the Court is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odorous the birds sing a chorus
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splindid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow),
With goold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;

I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O;
And while round the chamber astonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney (a good one to limn he),
And a vargin he paints with a sarpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Are painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best faiture is small miniature—
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dyce, as brave masther as England can show;
And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico.

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't);
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so ;
For sweet philosóphy, or crumpets and coffee,
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero ;
So, heavenly Goddess, d'ye pardon my modesty,
And silence, my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.



The CRYSTAL PALACE

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made of windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial?

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the bird's
That roosts beneath the panes there:
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright toiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park,
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Payther's, Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;

And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian ;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace !)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin ;
Alhamborough Jones,
Did paint the tones,
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see?
"God save the Queen," by turrns.

There's statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs,
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And iligant wheelbarrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em:



"I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in"

Harry Brooke
Aug. 1893

There's droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.



There's cabs on stands
And shandthrydanns;
There's waggons from New York here;
There's Lapland sleighs
Have cross'd the seas,
And jaunting cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco:
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And gingerbread and jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins fill'd with roses;

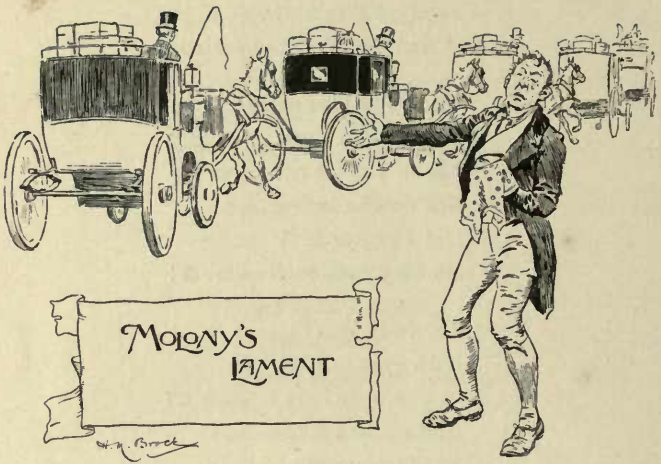
There's canvas tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

1851.



O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers report?
They're goan to recal the Liftinint,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now, having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he waves his cocked-hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?

I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchel exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints,
Of the Oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,

And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad that she wears the old set.

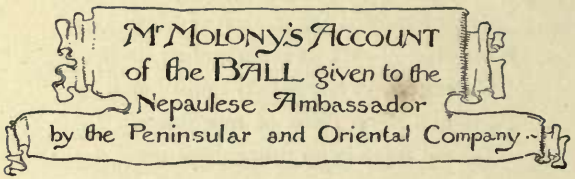


There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';

Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, and bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes,—
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O Meery, with ois of the blue!



O WILL ye choose to hear the news?
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
At which I've worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was

A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dthrink there was.

At ten before the ballroom door,
His moighty Excellency was,



He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the doorway followed him ;

And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair * stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys you saw there was,
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther, was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals);
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh gentilitee!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

* James Matheson, Esquire, to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Molony, late stoker on board the *Iberia*, the *Lady Mary Wood*, the *Tagus*, and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful Muse.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
When only Mr. Pips he was),



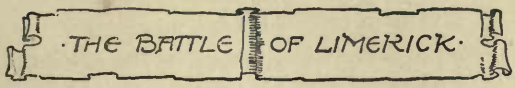
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin.

And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!





Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor ;
And to welcome his returrn
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore !

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the Sword ;
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore :
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store ;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour ;

And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.



But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake;
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

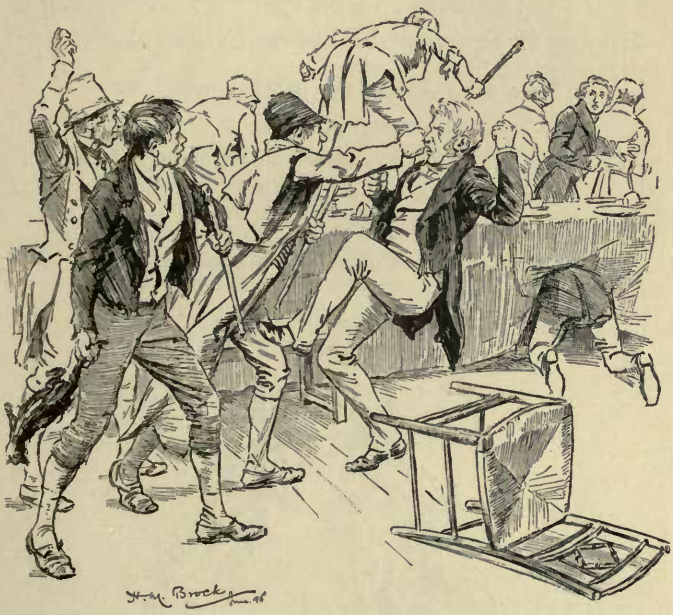
As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged:
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?

'Tis a national disgrace:
Let me go and veil me face;"
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.



"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the Sword,
This conduct would disgrace any blackamore;"
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar:
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they beat the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.





You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.



SENT BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF QUALITY TO MISS BR–DY, OF CASTLE BRADY.

On Brady's Tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

"O Lady Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"I've many a rich and bright parterre;
In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,
But you're the fairest lady there:
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,
Can projuice a treasure that's half so fair!"

What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!
Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew,
Beneath her eyelid, is like the vi'let,
That darkly glistens with gentle jew!
The lily's nature is not surely whiter
Than Nora's neck is,—and her arrums too.

"Come, gentle Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"My dearest creature, take my advice:
There is a poet, full well you know it,
Who spends his lifetime in heavy sighs,—
Young Redmond Barry, 'tis him you'll marry,
If rhyme and raisin you'd choose likewise."



On reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of Her Majesty's Godless Colleges, Master Molloy Molony, brother of Thaddeus Molony, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines :—

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed Professor MacCosh.

I look round me counthree, renowned by exparience,
And see 'midst her childthren, the witty, the wise,—
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, schollars, grammarians.
All ayger for pleeces, all panting to rise ;

I gaze round the world in its utmost diminsion ;
Lard Jahn and his minions in Council I ask,

Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion)
But children of Erin were fit for that task?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition!
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our countree has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance,
And, rather from Saxon than gather its rules,
I'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

O false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universitees bosh;
And if you've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon MacCosh.

There's Wiseman and Chume, and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe;
'Tis they'll build a College that's fit for our climate,
And taych me the saycrets I burn to imboibe!

'Tis there as a Student of Science I'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy, and Contint!
Saint Pathrick's sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good Doctor Newman, that praycher unwary,
'Tis he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of St. Philip of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of St. Lawrence O'Toole!



An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek—
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce.
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner, nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax),
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill;
Will you just step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore Mary," Mrs. Roney says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs Roney's best linning, gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,

She packed them, and she stole 'em, and avay vith them did flee.

Mrs. Roney's situation—you may think vat it vould be!



Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she?

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man,
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;

And the church bells was a ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me ;
"I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman," says she.

"Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a waitin," says Mary says she.

"I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me ;
And I think this young man is lucky to be free."

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak :
That exlent Justice demanded her plea—
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile,
That vicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who veep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.



My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
All underneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
And one a hold Banjo,
And one chap seedy and torn
A Hirish pipe did blow.

They sadly piped and played,
 Dexcribing of their fates ;
And this was what they said,
 Those three pore Christmas Waits : —

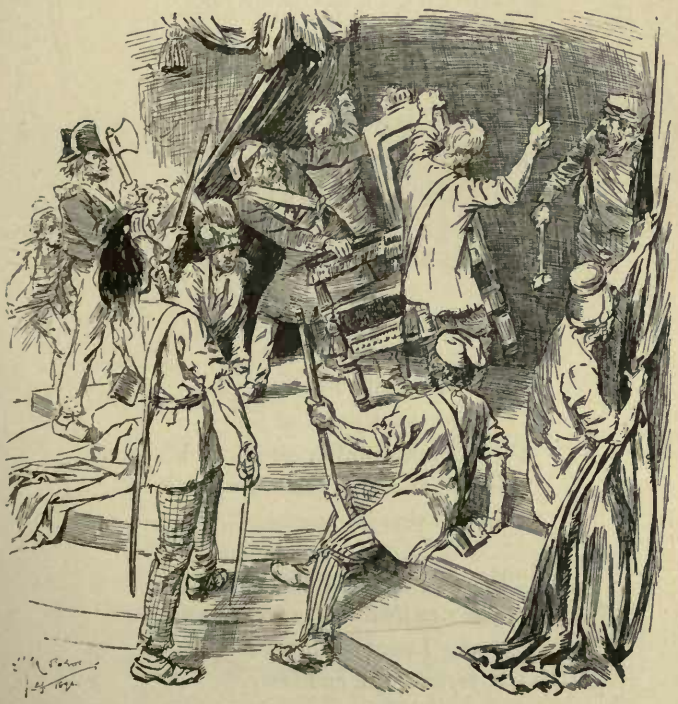
"When this black year began,
 This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great, great man,
 And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
 As Minister of State.

"But Febuwerry came,
 And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
 And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
 Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
 I left my kin and kith,
I left my Royal crownd,
 Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And vithout a pound came to English ground
 In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
 I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
 I've drank the small, small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me
 And all my famly dear.

"O Tweeleries so dear,
O darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here



That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my 'ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
 Vith baynicks and vith guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
 Rich vives I got my sons;
O varn't it crule to lose my rule,
 My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and woice,
 Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice,
 O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore Louis-Phileep,
 Because you out are cleaned

"O Prins, so brave and stout,
 I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
 To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's been
 along vith us
 In this year 'Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
 The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
 A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
 And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"The Queen and Halbert both
 I swore I would confound,

I took a hawfle oath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevral more with me they swore
Aginst the British Crownd.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all
We said we'd try our strenth;
Her scarlick soldiers tall
We vow'd we'd lay full lenth:
And out we came, in Freedom's name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent avay.

"Next day the Pleacemen came—
Rewenge it was their plann—
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann:
And the hard, hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea:
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And taking hoff your hease,
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt, solt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue:
"I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
Says she, 'it shall be thine:

Long time, it's werry well known,
You kep it in your line ;



That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"'Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath ;

Arise, my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path:
Rise, mighty Smith, and sveep 'em vith
The besom of your wrath.'

"Then in my might I rose,
My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed;
'Ha, ha!' says I, 'the harvest's high,
I'll reap it with my blade.'

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun,
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo:
Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,
O'Brine aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

"And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."





I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St., Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound—
A Royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carridges and for.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
'Tis the ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;

* The Birth of Prince Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught.

Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"



Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is *a Prince.*"
And at that nuss's bold rebuke
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,

Then says the wenerable Duke,
"Egad, it's my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal
The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * * * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!).

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as Vell,
And vears a Veskit red).

To see that carriage come,
The people round it press:
"And is the galliant Duke at ome?'
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He steps from out the Broosh
And in the gate is gone;
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind, "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The galliant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self-same day.

"The Lady of the land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tel
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.



"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound;
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em, I'll be bound.

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done,
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son,

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll hear the Royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

The BALLAD of ELIZA DAVIS

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it vas at four-and-tventy
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—
"Pray," saysee, "excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister Sal!

"You're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size,
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!



"I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

"What's your name, my beauty, tell me?
And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet;
And at tventy-four was welcome,
Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man;

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valking in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundy veek to see her ;
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas ;
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore ;
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landloid
Of the house at tventy-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup ;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodgers' vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled ;
"Something's going wrong," he said ;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.



And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of tventy-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art
(Vich most every gurl expex),
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;
Vich his name peraps is—X.



Damages - Two Hundred Pounds.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief),
Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First, the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.

Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was
black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back,



Three months after they were married, husband pushed her
to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his lady
dear;
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of
a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said:
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers a butcher dwelt;
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her);
But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her dinner—
God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife;
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sat with his wife or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

Pollock, C.B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear:
That was not the point, however, which the jury came to hear;

But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear—



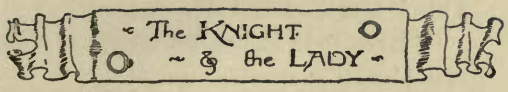
Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear—

What a reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound!
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound:—
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff, damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British Jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper!
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her: to the devil you may send her:
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her,—why, you're paid two hundred pound.



THERE'S in the Vest a city pleasant
To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that city there's a Crescent
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although Sir John as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To Paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.



Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crown

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;

The living there's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,
Vith breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But Oh! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O Barring of Saint Bart, O Countess
Grabrowski, and O cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son—
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

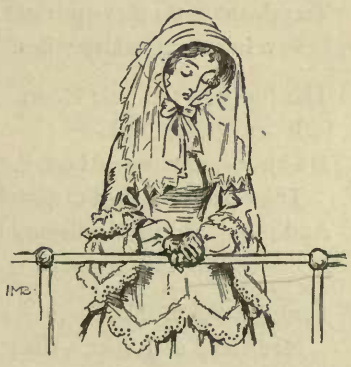


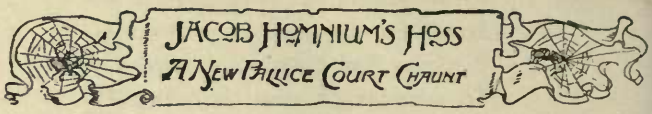
My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote :
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folks' best things
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail:
Meanwhile the lady is remanded,
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.





ONE sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A wenerable hinstitute,
'Tis called the Pallis Court.
A gent as got his i on it,
I think 'twill make some sport.

The natur of this Court
My hindignation riles;
A few fat legal spiders
Here set & spin their viles;
To rob the town theyr privlege is,
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak,
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And prowides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court—
Misnamed of Justice—sits;
These lawyers ows their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When there erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss vith vich
He didn know what to do;
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss
A ridin him about;
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find himself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;

And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut avay like vind.



And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
Of whomb I makes these rhymes?

His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if *I*'d committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times!*

Now shortly after the groomb
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hangered Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see anythink green in me?"
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall *I* be call'd to pay?—It is
A iniquitious Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The conwasation short;
The livery-man went ome,
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six :
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.



The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come ;
The lawyers said their say,
The judge look'd wery glum,

And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb;
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4s. 8d.
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you
To grind the honest pore,

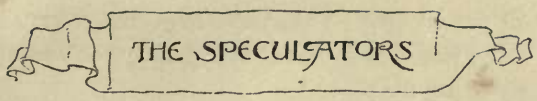
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and get your costes in,
They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august:
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up, Sir John Jervis,
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in
On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.





THE night was stormy and dark. The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or these who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for, In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast!" "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

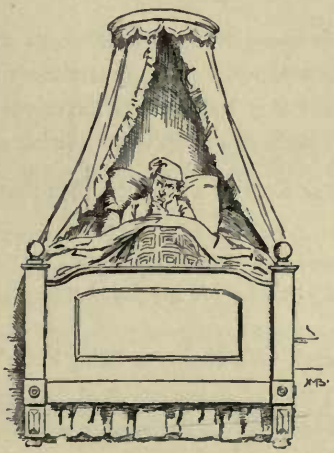


"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot—I say, Let's stop, my boy, and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs, And how money was won and lost

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."





COME all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear;
'Tis about a base consperracy, as quickly shall appear!
'Twill make your hair to bristle up, and your eyes to start and glow,
When of this dread consperracy you honest folks shall know

The news of this consperracy and villianous attempt,
I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent:
It was sent from lovely Italy, where the olives they do grow,
And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is No no.

And 'tis there our English noblemen goes that is Puseyites no longer,
Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and stronger.
And 'tis there I knelt beside my Lord when he kiss'd the Pope his toe,
And hung his neck with chains at Saint Peter's Vinculo.

And 'tis there the splendid churches is, and the fountains playing grand,
And the palace of Prince Torlonia, likewise the Vatican;
And there's the stairs where the bagpipe-men and the piffararys blow.
And it's there I drove my Lady and Lord in the Park of Pincio.

And 'tis here our splendid churches is in all their pride and glory,
Saint Peter's famous Basilisk and Saint Mary's Maggiory;
And them benighted Prodestants, on Sunday they must go
Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of Popolo.

Now in this town of famous Room, as I dessay you have heard,
There is scarcely any gentleman as hasn't got a beard.
And ever since the world began it was ordainèd so,
That there should always barbers be wheresumever beards do grow.

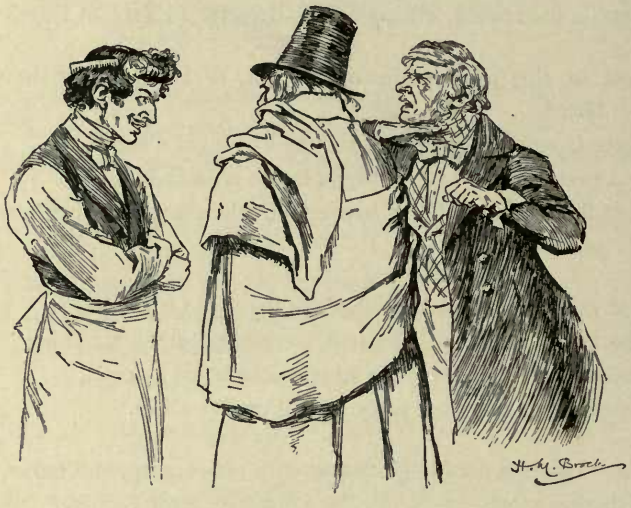
And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,
The Pope, our Holy Potentate, has a beard upon his chin;
And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow,
There comes a certing party to wait on Pope Pio.

There comes a certing gintleman with razier, soap, and lather,
A shaving most respectfully the Pope, our Holy Father.
And now the dread consperracy I'll quickly to you show,
Which them sanguinary Prodestants did form against Nono.

Them sanguinary Prodestants, which I abore and hate,
Assembled in the preaching-shop by the Flaminian gate;
And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly blow
Against our gentle Father, the Holy Pope Pio.

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read of;
What do you think them Prodestants wished?—to cut the good Pope's head off!

And to the kind Pope's Air-dresser the Prodestant Clark did go,
And proposed him to decapitate the innocent Pio.



"What hever can be easier," said this Clark—this Man of Sin,
"When you are called to hoperate on His Holiness's chin,
Than just to give the razier a little slip—just so?—
And there's an end, dear barber, of innocent Pio!"

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd
By an Italian lady; she heard it every word:
Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced to go
With the parson of the preaching-shop at the gate of Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,
As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Poleege.

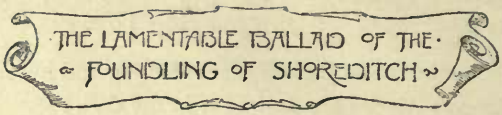
"O Polegia," says she (for they pronounts it so),
"They're going for to massyker our Holy Pope Pio.

"The ebomminable Englishmen, the Parsing and his Clark,
His Holiness's Air-dresser devised it in the dark!
And I would recommend you in prison for to throw
These villians would esassinate the Holy Pope Pio!

"And for saving of His Holiness and his trebble crownd
I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound;
Because I was a Marchioness many years ago,
Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo."

That sackreligious Air-dresser, the Parson and his man,
Wouldn't, though ask'd continyally, own their wicked plan—
And so the kind Authoraties let those villians go
That was plotting of the murder of the good Pio Nono.

Now isn't this safishnt proof, ye gentlemen at home,
How wicked is them Prodestants, and how good our Pope at Rome:
So let us drink confusion to Lord John and Lord Minto,
And a health unto His Eminence, and good Pio Nono.



Come all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was Captain Loyd,
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchest-
er, a lady entered in to them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep;
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust-class ticket, this lovely lady said;
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee "You look unwell, ma'am; I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man."

"Thank you, sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest":
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.



So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the meddicle man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.

"Thank you, sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carridge and my osses is probibbly come here.

"Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking its little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child—wery kind he nust it:
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a maze;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sat looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:
Never, never back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of its Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
And made it very comfortable by giving it some pap;
And when she took its close off, what d'you think she found?
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

Also in its little close, was a note which did conwey
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way,
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,
Per adwertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look ;
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
Any kind lady as would do as much for me ;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
She'd adopt this little baby, which its parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity, this pore meddicle man,
Like a sensable gentleman, to the Justice ran ;
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

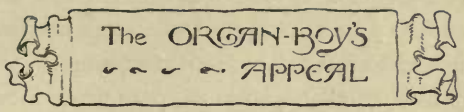
"O Justice," says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do.
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you ;
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills !).

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the close,
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do adwise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!



"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT.—Policeman X. brought a paper of doggerel verses to the Magistrate, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

"The Magistrate, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

"X, blushing, said he thought the paper read in court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin."

O SIGNOR BRODERIP, you are a wickid ole man,
You wexis us little horgin-boys whenever you can:
How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek
To pussicute us horgin-boys, you senguinary Beek?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers,
Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortacrat of hall the Rushers,
Yet there is a better vurld I'd have you for to know,
Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgin-boys will go.

O you vickid Herod without any pity!
London vithout horgin-boys vood be a dismal city.
Sweet Saint Cicily who first taught horgin-pipes to blow,
Soften the heart of this Magistrit that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind,
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind;
Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea-pigs also
A poppin of the Veasel and a Jumpin of Jim Crow.

And as us young horgin-boys is grateful in our turn
We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the money we earn,
Because that they vood vop us wery wel we know
Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O Mr. Broderip! wery much I'm surprise,
Ven you take your valks abroad where can be your eyes?
If a Beak had a heart then you'd compryend
Us pore little horgin-boys was the poor man's friend.



Don't you see the shildren in the droring-rooms
Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons?
On their mothers' bussums don't you see the babbies crow
And down to us dear horgin-boys lots of apence throw?

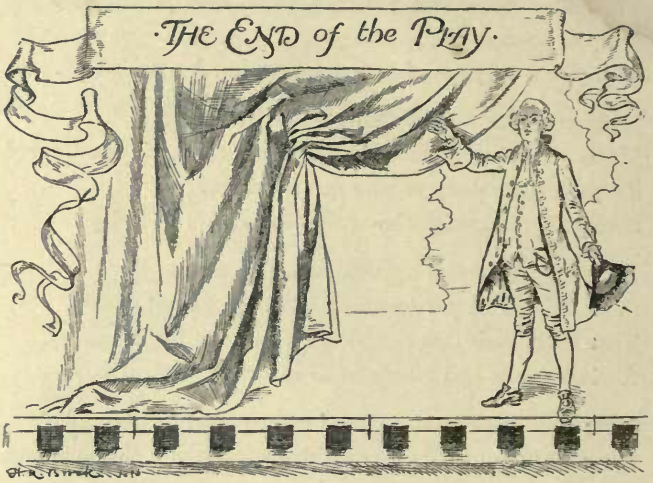
Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty Pollies and Maries),
Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smiling from the hairies?

Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit o' bacon or so
And give it us young horgin-boys for lunch afore we go.

Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
To these little paupers who can never pay
Surely all good horgin-boys, for God's love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a serting B—k,
(Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak),
That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play,
And cusses us and swears at us in such a violent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout "Poleece!"
Let em send out John to us vith sixpence or a shillin apiece.
Then like good young horgin-boys avay from there we'll go,
Blessing sweet Saint Cicily that taught our pipes to blow.



THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell :
A moment yet the actor stops
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.*

* These verses were printed as an Epilogue to one of the Christmas books of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends" (1848-9).

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play:
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?*



We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

*C. B., ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

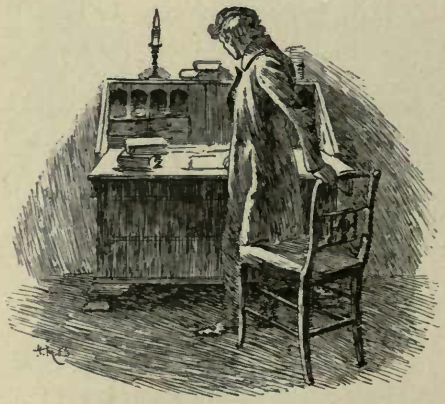
So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:

The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.



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